

LITTLE BUSY BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

B BUSY BEES who have recently become contributors to the Children's page may not understand clearly about the election of king and queen being held.

The Bees are ranged on two sides—Red and Blue. The Bees may choose to be on either side when they join the hive. Every four months the Bees elect a king and queen, each Bee having two votes—one for king and one for queen. There is but one rule to follow in making a choice. Vote for the boy whose letters you have enjoyed the most for king; vote for the girl whose articles you like the best for queen.

The boy who gets the most votes will be the new king. The girl who receives the most votes will be the new queen. The boy who is elected king will lead the Reds, for the Red side is the king's side. The girl who is elected queen will lead the Blues, for the Blue side is the queen's side.

The results of the election will be printed September 3, on the Children's page. At that time will be announced also which side—Red or Blue—has won the most votes in the last four months.

All votes must be in by August 30. There are now only ten days before that date. Either name your choice of king and queen in your letters or send separate slip of paper with your votes written on. Remember that each boy and girl reader of the page as well as each contributor, is entitled to vote.

The present queen, Mary Katherine Harrison, who was elected last May, writes today from her new home. She formerly lived in Omaha but has moved to Republic, Mo., which she likes very much.

Last week letters came from two girls who are 15 years of age. They were interesting letters but could not be used since the age limit for the Children's page is 14. The editor of the Children's page had noticed the stories of one of these girls in the Twentieth Century Farmer which is published by the Bee Publishing company, and so gave her letter to this magazine. The editor also gave the article on the life of Mozart by the other girl to the same magazine, where it will be printed in an early issue.

Edith Amend, Sheridan, Wyo.
Carroll Atkinson, 215 West One Hundred and Twenty-third street, New York City.
Aida Bennett, Elgin, Neb.
Marguerite Baskin, Gothenburg, Neb.
Charlotte Boggs, 227 South Fifteenth street, Lincoln, Neb.
Emil Brown, 2322 South Central Boulevard, Omaha.
Mary Brown, 2222 South Central Boulevard, Omaha.
Zola Eddison, Orleans, Neb.
Leo Beckord, Waco, Neb.
Edna Benzig, York, Neb.
Carrie B. Bartlett, Fontaine, Neb.
Pearl Barron, Monarch, Wyo.
John Barron, Monarch, Wyo.
Mabel Baker, Labor, Wyo.
Edward Beckord, Waco, Neb.
Helen Bartos, 214 South Fourteenth street, Omaha.
Marion Albert Bradley, 316 North Nineteenth street, Omaha.
Agnes Britton, 2215 Cuming street, Omaha.
Millard Boyd, Chadron, Neb.
Rebecca Bercovitz, 1103 Farnam street, Omaha.
Clark Booker, Gothenburg, Neb.
Irene Barnheimer, 404 Burt street, Omaha.
Elsie Bode, Fair City, Neb.
Vera Cheney, Creighton, Neb.
Marion Cripps, Glendon, Neb.
Irene Corraldo, 115 West Eighth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Janice Crawford, 125 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
Irene Craig, Erie, N. D.
Harry Crawford, 214 Locust street, Omaha.
Meyer Cohn, 446 Georgia avenue, Omaha.
Leon Carson, 1124 North Fortieth street, Omaha.
Emma Carruthers, 3211 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
Ina Carney, Burton, Clay county, Neb.
Fay Calhoun, Elm Creek, Neb.
Phyllis Corbett, Sidney, Neb.
Agnes Dampier, 221 West Third street, Omaha.
Irene Dismar, 2000 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
Hughie Dismar, 2000 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
Omar Davis, 221 West Third street, North Platte, Neb.
Leonora Denison, 307 William street, Omaha.
Madge L. Daniels, Ord, Neb.
Nellie Diederich, 822 1/2 street, Lincoln.
Francis A. Deitz, Pueblo, Colo.
Mary Donnelly, 214 Locust street, Omaha.
Helen Douglas, 1261 G street, Lincoln, Neb.
Jean De Long, Alaworth, Neb.
Mildred Erickson, 2709 Howard street, Omaha.
Oscar Erickson, 2709 Howard street, Omaha.
Edna Emma Stanton, Neb.
Camilla Edholm, 116 South Thirty-sixth street, Omaha.
Thelma Edholm, Logan, Ia.
Rhea Friddle, Dorchester, Neb.
Orvin Fisher, 1219 South Eleventh street, Omaha.
Helen Fisher, 1219 South Eleventh street, Omaha.
Marie Fleming, Osceola, Neb.
Mary Frederick, York, Neb.
Bessie Frick, 2015 Fourth avenue, Kearney, Neb.
Frank Freeman, 1313 Georgia avenue, Omaha.
Thelma Fredericks, 322 East Fifth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Helen Fisher, 229 Cass street, Omaha.
Anna Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
Minnie Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
Marie Gallagher, 219 1/2 street, Box 12, Omaha.
Eman Grammer, 1548 C street, Lincoln.
Emerson Goodrich, 490 Nicholas street, Omaha.
Mae Grunke, West Point, Neb.
Frances Gumpert, Fremont, Neb.
Helen Goodrich, 409 Nicholas street, Omaha.
Mabel Houston, 3013 Sherman avenue, Omaha.
Louis Hahn, David City, Neb.
Marie Hamilton, 202 L street, Lincoln.
Ella Hamilton, 202 L street, Lincoln.
Eva Hendee, 402 Dodge street, Omaha.
Helen Hendee, 422 Capitol avenue, Omaha.
Helen Houck, 1635 Locust street, Omaha.
Wilma Howard, 472 Capitol avenue, Omaha.
Edna Heden, 2709 Chicago street, Omaha.
Mae Hammond, O'Neill, Neb.
Phyllis Haas, 229 North Seventeenth street, York, Neb.
Margaret Holland, David City, Neb.
Lillian Holcomb, Scott's Bluff, Neb.
Lucie Hoagland, 1302 West Fifth street, North Platte, Neb.
Lucie Haas, Norfolk, Neb.
Donald Haas, Kearney, Neb.
Janetta Innes, 219 1/2 street, Omaha.
Marie Iversen, Florence, Neb. R. F. D. 2.
Helen Johnson, 214 South Seventeenth street, Lincoln.
Genevieve M. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
Frances Johnson, 333 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
Marguerite Johnson, 323 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
Myrtle Jensen, 246 North Twentieth street, Omaha.
Walter Johnson, 246 North Twentieth street, Omaha.
Mildred Jensen, 45 North Nye avenue, Fremont, Neb.
Mildred F. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
Mildred Whitehead, Mitchell, Neb.
Omaha.

Class in Nature Study at Work



Little Stories by Little Folk.

(First Prize.)

In Early Days.
By Goldie Truesdell, Aged 11 Years, 1215 Main Street, Fremont, Neb. Blue Side.

A friend of our family once told me of an exciting time she had when Nebraska was still unsettled.

She was alone in a little log cabin with her pet dog, when she heard the sound of horses approaching.

On looking out of the window she was shocked and horrified to see thirteen Indians coming at full speed towards her house.

She double barred the door, took her dog and went up in the attic (a room over her head).

Soon she could hear them pushing on the door, while she sat trembling with fear and expecting every minute the door would fall.

Finally an idea struck her and she said to the dog in a low whisper, "Bite 'em, Rag!" At that the dog began to bark.

The Indians jumped on their ponies and rode off, for they probably did not know but there was a whole regiment inside.

My friend said that if she had not had her dog there to bark she would not have had such good luck as to frighten the Indians away.

My grandma says that few of us who are now enjoying the comforts of these beautiful little cities can hardly realize the hardships of our friends in the earlier days.

White Salmon.
By Bessie Davidson, Aged 9 Years, White Salmon, Wash.

Dear Busy Bees: I'm a stranger to you all, but perhaps you won't mind getting acquainted with me. My papa subscribed for the Sunday Bee a few weeks ago and we all like to read it.

I'm a little girl 9 years old, and my papa, mamma and little sister live on a fruit farm a few miles from White Salmon.

White Salmon is located on a very high bluff, overlooking the Columbia river, and is the oldest town along this river. My home is only a few minutes walk from the White Salmon river, where they catch so many big, red salmon, and also trout. Lots of big log rafts are towed from the White Salmon river to the Columbia river and on down that stream.

The Indians do lots of fishing for salmon. They dry them and keep them for winter, as they also do huckleberries and other wild berries.

There is very beautiful scenery along the Columbia river and White Salmon river. A very pretty bit is a place called "The Narrows." My Uncle Claude took a picture of it, and I will send it to you to copy if you wish to print it, and then you may please return it.

Several big steamboats ply between The Dalles, Ore., and Portland, Ore. We used to live in Portland and have taken several trips on the steamers.

Lots of automobiles pass along the road on their way to Trout Lake, Wash., filled with city people or tourists, who go to explore the big ice caves and to climb Mount Adams. We can see both Mount Adams and Mount Hood from the road.

Our district is building a new modern school house. I will be in the fourth grade this year.

I do love to read the children's page and to wonder if my little article will escape the waste basket, as this is my very first attempt.

Going to the Circus.
By Helen M. Waters, Aged 10 Years, Broken Bow, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees: I have been reading the stories of the children's page and like them a lot and I started for the circus. The very much I would like to be a Busy Bee on the Blue Side.

I don't believe I have seen any letters from Broken Bow.

I want to tell you about going to the circus. After dinner mamma, papa, brother, sister and I started for the circus. The sun was shining bright when we started. We went down the railroad track, as it was laid on the fair grounds. It took us about twenty minutes.

We saw very many animals. In the parade there were many zebras hitched up. After the parade some of the people fed the elephants peanuts. We saw lots of camels and little monkeys. There was a giraffe and many other animals.

We then went in to watch the performances. Some of the largest elephants he'll not forget his lesson."

Young Frog let Mr. Mouse swim ashore, which he did in a very feeble manner. When he was upon dry land again he turned about and began shaking his tail furiously towards the group of laughing frogs.

"Come on, papa," cried Pinkie, fearing lest the frogs should get hold of her quarrelsome father again. "Come, let's run home as fast as we can. Oh, what a sight you are, papa!"

"Yes, you'd better run along with your daughter," admonished Mrs. Frog. "And take my advice: don't teach her to follow in your footsteps. You are a bad-behaved mother."

Pinkie was leading the drenched Mr. Mouse away, however, and he did not catch all that Mrs. Frog was saying. In his heart he knew he had been in the wrong, and that he had deserved his punishment. When he reached home Mrs. Mouse ran to ask him what on top of earth was the matter with him.

"Papa's been ducked—oh! terribly ducked," cried Pinkie. Then she fell to describing the scene at the pond to her mother.

"Say, husband, haven't you yet learned how to conduct yourself like a gentleman?" asked Mrs. Mouse, disgusted at the story told so truthfully by her daughter. "Why, I'm ashamed of you—going to the pond and picking a quarrel with that stupid frog band. And look at yourself in the spring. You're worse than a ground squirrel in appearance."

And Mr. Mouse, feeling both sick and humiliated, vowed to himself that never again would he make a donkey of himself. "Treat all—even frogs—with due respect," he said to himself, as he tucked his tail between his legs and crept up beneath a tuft of dry grass to take a nap.

Mr. Mouse and Mrs. Frog.

ONE day Mr. Mouse, from the green fields where he lived, went for a stroll along the banks of a fine pond. His little daughter, Pinkie, accompanied him. Mr. Mouse was very busy preparing for a lawn party that night, so he told her husband and daughter to go for their walk without her on this beautiful August morning.

"There's so much to be done against the evening," Mrs. Mouse said. "Giving a lawn party to one's friends entails a lot of work. I am tired already and have just begun."

"Well, wife," said Mr. Mouse, swinging his tail about in a gay manner, "if you will insist on leading society in our field, you'll have to suffer the consequences. Though I think you are satisfied with doing that, for you're the most popular hostess on this side the pond. Every mouse in these fields will say, 'I'm invited to Mrs. Grey Mouse's garden party.' And every one will say it with pride."

"Yes, but it costs a good deal of time and thought to keep up my social duties," sighed Mrs. Mouse. "The pond ought to be in the middle of the yard, yonder, like a plain frog, as to live without society."

So, Mrs. Mouse went on with her work, while Mr. Mouse and little Pinkie went for a walk. They sought the pond, nice and shining under the morning sun. They walked round it, admiring the flowers that grew on the banks. Becoming tired, they sat down on a fallen flower stem to rest. While thus occupied the green head of a frog appeared above the water, and two great eyes looked at them. "Ah, ha, Mrs. Frog," smiled Mr. Mouse. "Howdy, my dear Madam."

Mrs. Frog looked at Mr. Mouse, then blinked her eye and said: "Well, howdy, Mr. Mouse. This is a fine morning in the water. How is it on the land?"

"Perfectly lovely," replied Mr. Mouse. "Don't you wish you lived on the land instead of in the water, Mrs. Frog?"

Mrs. Frog winked and blinked, then she croaked loudly. "Well, I don't know that I care to trade places. I love the pond, and I can keep out of sight whenever I wish to, or I can come out on dry land if I like. Of course, I know, Mr. Mouse, you have it very nice—you dry-land creatures. But I wouldn't trade lots with you."

Mr. Mouse and Pinkie turned up their



"DON'T YOU WISH YOU LIVED ON THE LAND, MRS. FROG?"

The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book



JOHN MORRISSEY, 1209 Corby Street. August 20, 1911.

Edwin Arms, 3015 Corby St.	Howard Kennedy, 1895
Tressa Barons, 1214 South Twenty-fourth St.	Mason, 1904
Raymond J. Bellis, 1811 North Twenty-fifth St.	Long, 1902
Selva Blodgett, 2023 Wirt St.	Lothrop, 1900
Arthur Bookes, 1915 Leavenworth St.	Leavenworth, 1902
John Boria, 1041 Park Ave.	Park, 1905
Clare Boyie, 2429 Lake St.	Sacred Heart, 1895
Lillian C. Branton, 3520 Blondo.	Franklin, 1898
Ester Brown, 1021 Farnam St.	Pacific, 1904
Lonal H. Burnett, 127 South Twenty-fifth St.	Central, 1898
Frances Conlin, 2318 Douglas St.	Central, 1904
Joe Consin, 2409 South Twentieth Ave.	Castellar, 1899
Rose Cornie, 3514 Lafayette Ave.	Franklin, 1902
Margaret Drago, 2520 Charles St.	Long, 1901
Corinne F. Ettlinger, 2411 Chicago St.	Central, 1898
Tom Fish, 1706 Clark St.	Kellom, 1903
Georgia Fitzgerald, 2114 Harney St.	Central, 1900
Marion Gibson, 1815 Clark St.	Kellom, 1903
Samuel Gilotte, 2020 Pierce.	Mason, 1898
Clara Gordon, 715 North Seventeenth St.	Cass, 1898
Katherine G. Gunner, 2521 Franklin St.	Long, 1903
Charles B. Hansen, 4104 Cuming St.	Saunders, 1904
Julia C. Hazelet, 2207 North Thirtieth St.	Lake, 1899
Thomas E. Harvey, 1509 Park Ave.	Park, 1905
Harry Hubathka, 3124 South Second St.	Bancroft, 1896
Lawrence O. Hughes, 1103 South Twenty-fourth St.	Mason, 1899
Oiga Jacobsen, 2624 North Thirtieth St.	Howard Kennedy, 1899
Benjamin Jones, 3022 South Twenty-eighth Ave.	Vinton, 1899
Mary Keasler, 2517 South Twenty-fifth St.	St. Joseph, 1903
Robert Kilgore, 2726 South Tenth St.	Bancroft, 1904
John Kowalewski, 2414 South Twenty-ninth St.	Dupont, 1903
Mattie Kraus, 1013 Farnam St.	Pacific, 1903
Thomas Kuhn, 1746 South Twenty-ninth St.	Park, 1902
Vera Lakin, 1904 Center St.	Castellar, 1904
Myrtle Leater, 2028 St. Mary's Ave.	Central, 1901
Lyvie Lindquist, 2623 Spencer St.	Lothrop, 1902
Mary Margolin, 111 North Twelfth St.	Cass, 1898
Sam Mercurio, 1814 Pierce St.	Leavenworth, 1895
Fry Mittenberg, 1433 North Eighteenth St.	Cass, 1893
Phillip Mittleman, 2506 Hamilton St.	Long, 1901
Emma Mohr, 2618 South Thirtieth St.	Bancroft, 1900
John Morrissey, 2509 Corby St.	Sacred Heart, 1897
Ruth Moyer, 504 Pierce St.	Pacific, 1899
Louis Njakatelo, 1122 Jackson St.	Pacific, 1894
Irene Neppan, 2007 Martha St.	Castellar, 1898
Minnie O'Dea, 916 North Twenty-fifth St.	Kellom, 1895
Margaret A. Osborn, 3118 Corby St.	Howard Kennedy, 1901
Sherman Payne, 4024 Nicholas St.	Walnut Hill, 1895
Ruth Powell, 3324 Meredith Ave.	Monmouth Park, 1901
Adelbert Ray, 1620 Maple St.	Lake, 1903
Virginia Reed, 3416 Jones St.	Columbian, 1901
Allice Reed, 2829 North Twentieth St.	Lothrop, 1905
Frances Ryan, 1204 South Twenty-fifth Ave.	Mason, 1903
Allice E. Schant, 2903 Ames Ave.	Monmouth Park, 1896
Helen Schmidt, 3901 South Fourteenth St.	St. Joseph, 1905
Joseph F. Schmitz, 3003 Franklin St.	Long, 1900
Sarah Sidman, 1415 Cass St.	Cass, 1899
Rosie Statny, 3017 South Twenty-fourth St.	Im. Conception, 1899
Ellen M. Stilling, 4244 Patrick Ave.	Clifton Hill, 1888
Phillip A. Strell, 2500 Ames Ave.	Saratoga, 1900
Robert A. Sutton, 2515 Patrick Ave.	Long, 1902
Howard B. Twiford, 2109 South Thirty-fourth St.	Windsor, 1902
James Vanck, 1305 South Third St.	Train, 1901
Benjamin Waldeich, 4022 North Thirty-third St.	Monmouth Park, 1900
John Wells, 2514 Emmet St.	Lothrop, 1905
Walter Wiemer, 322 North Twenty-sixth St.	Webster, 1897
Marie Williamson, Seventh and Burt Sts.	Cass, 1903
Halme Yosselson, 1513 North Nineteenth St.	Kellom, 1898

Harry and Ray.
By Mary Miller, Aged 9 Years, 425 North Thirty-fourth Street, Omaha, Red Side.

Once there was a little boy named Harry. He was 3 years old and was very cute. He often played with Ray, a little boy about 6 years old.

Once when it was Harry's birthday, Ray came over and gave Harry a box of candy. In the bottom of the box were five frozen dainties. Harry, of course, was obliged to say thank you.

The little boy ran in to show his mother what he had gotten. She said that the party was ready. So Harry called Ray and the party began.

So they were through and had some games. The first game they played was marbles. The second was tag, and the last one was hide-and-go-seek. Then Ray had to go home, for it was time to go to bed.

My Pet Squirrel.
By Mary Donnelly, 214 Locust, Aged 8 Years, Omaha, Blue Side.

I once had a little pet squirrel and his name was Jack. We had a sack of nuts and he smelt them. He would come in and search for the nuts. Then he would go and hide them.

And while he would be gone for more nuts, the other squirrel would go and try to find the nuts that he had hid.

Eagle Feather.
By Frederick N. Keene, Aged 11, 214 West Twenty-eighth Street, Kearney, Neb. Blue Side.

Once there was an Indian boy whose name was Lone Wolf.

He had never done any deed by which to get a great name. So one day he set out to do a great deed to get a name.

All he had was a bow and arrows and a nest on a high cliff. He thought he would climb up and get an egg. There were two so he took one and climbed down. As he was climbing down one of the eagles came home.

Just as he reached the ground the eagle attacked him. Lone Wolf lay on his back and kicked at the eagle. He had dropped his bow and forgotten about his knife. His moccasins were torn from his feet and his body bruised by the beating of the eagle's strong wings.

Suddenly he thought of his knife—(Indians are skilled in throwing knives). He threw it at the eagle, which circled and fell dead. Lone Wolf then became unconquered. A hunting party found him next day, and ever after that he was called Eagle Feather by his tribe.

Reunion.
By Gladys Ison, 278 Charles street, Omaha, Blue Side.

My aunt sent for us to come to her house, to go with them to the old soldiers' reunion.

When we got to my aunt's, she filled a box (about as large as a trunk) with food.

We took a gasoline stove and a lot of quilts. We got on a train and started to the reunion grounds. We had two tents, one for a bed room and one for the kitchen. We cooked out of doors, if it did not rain. One night we went to the big tent to hear

From the Queen Bee.
Dear Busy Bees: I am truly happy this midsummer day in the midst of a beautiful woodland of the Osark mountains, where there is a wealth of bees, blossoms and butterflies. We must all hasten and gather in all the sweets, for already the golden rod is growing gold. Camilla Edholm's nature studies are very interesting. Your queen, MARY K. HARRISON, Republic, Mo.